

The Washington Times

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MARCH CIRCULATION.

The number of complete and perfect copies of The Washington Times printed during the month of March was as follows:

| | Daily | Sunday | Total |
|---|--------|--------|--------|
| 1. Number of copies printed | 53,791 | 10,400 | 64,191 |
| 2. Number of copies distributed | 53,791 | 10,400 | 64,191 |
| 3. Number of copies left over | 1,100 | 1,100 | 2,200 |
| 4. Total number of copies printed and distributed | 54,891 | 11,500 | 66,391 |
| 5. Total number of copies printed and distributed during the month of March | 54,891 | 11,500 | 66,391 |

The net total circulation of The Washington Times (daily) during the month of March was 54,891, all copies left over and returned by agents being eliminated. This number, when divided by 31, the number of days in March, shows the net daily average for March to have been 1,771.

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The net total circulation of The Washington Times (Sunday) during the month of March was 10,400, all copies left over and returned by agents being eliminated. This number, when divided by 31, the number of days in March, shows the net Sunday average for March to have been 335.

In each issue of The Times the circulation figures for the previous day are plainly printed at the head of the first page at the left of the date line.

Entered at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second class matter.

Are you sure you have eggs enough in the house for tomorrow?

One gathers from Col. "Buffalo Bill's" attitude toward the Senatorial lightning that he is as fearless as ever.

Now that Johnson is signed and is willing to begin to earn that \$7,000 a year, the Weather Bureau butts in.

Young James Kerns adds to the Loch-invar interest by putting his would-be pursuers on notice that he intends to elope.

The automobile accidents in Thomas circle will soon place that interesting scene in the class with Dead Man's Curve.

Censored news reports from the rival camps of the Daughters of the American Republic tersely state: "All quiet along the Potomac."

If the Board of Trade continues to get eight new members a day, the progress and business activity of the District will be vigorously re-enforced.

It was not altogether surprising that a little experience with the street cars should have thrown several people from the water wagon yesterday.

The burning of their baseball parks has created a warm bond of sympathy between the Washington "Nationals" and the New York "Giants."

It is officially announced that Continental Memorial Hall is in no danger of collapsing. But then the D. A. R. is not to hold its forthcoming meetings there.

That fish dealer who filed a petition in bankruptcy just at the close of Lent must have reasoned that if he couldn't make his business pay during that last month he never could.

Owing to the uncertainty of Old Probs, the price of seats for the Easter parade on Connecticut avenue are quoted slightly under those now prevailing in London for the coronation.

Perhaps it would be well to leave something to the weather as to when the summer schedule for collecting ashes from private residences shall be reduced from two to one call a week.

If James E. Stone comes safely through the ordeal of a try-out as reading clerk to the Daughters of the American Revolution he should have the permanent berth he seeks in the Senate just as soon as he regains his strength.

Alexandria, according to the last census, gained 700 in population. According to the school census the city has lost 25 children, and this latter fact bids fair to lose the school fund allotment, about \$3,000 a year, unless a recount show the figures in error.

In the case of Ambassador David J. Hill, whose retirement is said to be due to the manner in which he tangled up the German potash situation, "leave to print" would seem to be not only extended but strongly urged, in order that he may make his position entirely clear.

Hereafter the Mexican ambassador will be known as Manuel de Zamacoa. The tendency in America to consider the last part of a Spanish name the surname proper led to the change. "In-clan," which has been pleasant so far, is the name of the maternal side of the ambassador's family.

The children are watching the weather with as much perturbation these days as their father-fan. He wants it to be pleasant so that the Nationals can play baseball. They want it pleasant so that the White House lawn will be in fine condition for the annual egg-rolling Monday.

Several boys who consider themselves fortunate in happening to be around in time to see the first of the regular weekly life-saving drills for novice firemen, have spread the news among the boyhood of the city and when Chief Wagner calls his recruits out for their next drill there will be quite a concourse of future recruits on hand to express their ambitions to do similar gymnastics.

Those who complain that the spirit of reverence for our National heroes and statesmen is dying out would have been persuaded, to change their pessimistic views had they taken a stand near Tenth and E streets yesterday and noticed the hundreds who made historical pilgrimages to the old Ford's Theater, in which our first martyr President was shot forty-six years ago,

and to the structure opposite where the Lincoln relics are stored. Reverence for real patriotism is as strong in American hearts today as it ever was.

For the first time in the history of the District Probate Court, death sentence is likely to be pronounced. The question is whether Polly Stock shall be killed in accordance with the written wish of her late mistress or shall be sold to some other master. It is suggested that Polly be allowed to "speak for herself."

Washington theatergoers saw the veteran actor, Denman Thompson, the last time he appeared on the stage. The news of his death yesterday recalled that Mr. Thompson was in this city with the company playing the "Old Homestead" in the early part of November. On Saturday night, November 5, he went on for the first act. When the act was over he sent for Manager Berger, and told him that he felt too ill to go on with his lines, and an understudy was put in.

THE EASTER FESTIVAL IS AT HAND.

The forty penitential days are almost done. In a wealth of flowers and music Easter morning is soon to break upon an awakening world. The broader ecclesiasticism of today does not hesitate to concede that the name and many of the rites of the Easteride were borrowed from the pagans of the German forests, who rejoiced over the return of spring. The exchange of colored Easter eggs marked the celebration of the Passover, and is practiced in Persia today when March brings the new year to the rose gardens of Shiraz and the vineyards of Khurasan. These ancient usages have been sanctified to the service of the Christian world as the memorial of One who said, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Millions of sincere and devoted believers will participate in the great religious festival which is almost here. The great masters of music will be laid under contribution and the glory of the lilies will be spread with prodigal hands on embowered chancels. The costly nurseries of conservatories and the spontaneous flora of the fields beautify the homes of a people, whether high or humble.

It is impossible to blink the fact that the world of fashion has all too completely imposed its despotic rule upon the Easter season. Much of the spiritual significance of the day is lost in the vainglory of outward adornment which comports but poorly with the humility and simplicity of the Man of Galilee. In a measure, it is a reversion, and by no means a happy one, to the pagan offerings to the goddess of the spring, in which aigrettes and silken fabrics have taken the place of the fresh flowers of the wild woods.

And yet, in the midst of the feverish activities of the times, there is a residuum of spiritual exaltation. The days of self-denial and introspection have been well worth while, and in the presence of the Easter ceremonies now at hand the least spiritually minded must feel that

No rose of sunset feels its glory up. But bursts again from out the heart of dawn.

WAR ON THE SPARROW STILL URGED.

Even wars and rumors of war have not attracted so much attention, judging from the Mail Bag department of The Times, as has the pestiferous English sparrow, who begins to make himself particularly conspicuous when the warmth of spring makes him especially saucy. The broad streets which are his favorite habitat are quite to his notion, in the District, so that here even beyond ordinary measure he makes himself a nuisance. The general indictments brought against him have been too frequently rehearsed to need recapitulation, and what is worse, most of them no longer need to be proved. One of the gravest is the fact that he has driven away the song birds who once lent a distinctive quality to spring, but have long since been banished by the feathered bully.

The experience of other cities has been cited to show that the plan of exterminating him by offering a bounty for his head quite an undertaking. Our correspondents continue to advocate the measure, however, and one of them now recalls an actual occasion when the plan met with success. The following communication explains itself:

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

When I lived in Detroit, Mich., not many years ago, the residents of that delightful city wanted to exterminate the disagreeable little sparrows, and did so by offering a penny for every one killed. The result was very satisfactory, and it did not take long before we heard the robins and other song birds in the morning, while the odious sparrow was absent.

LOUISE HOPKINS ELDER.

Tersé and to the point and withal illuminating. It would seem rather illogical to keep on arguing that a thing could not be done when proof is submitted that it has already been done. The experience in Detroit is interesting from the further fact that it confirms the general view that it was the English sparrow who killed cock-robin and banished the other song birds, since they returned as soon as a general massacre of their enemies was inaugurated.

It seems a little hazardous to approve of this bounty expedient, for, aside from every other consideration, the small boy with his sling-shot or whatever other weapon he may employ to win the offered bounty, may prove more disastrous than the sparrow. The fact remains, however, as indicated by the letters to The Times, that the destruction of the little pest is one of

the real problems of the District and is entitled to very earnest consideration.

GENERAL GUILD WILL MAKE AN ABLE AMBASSADOR.

Former Governor Guild is admirably qualified to make a successful ambassador, and his selection for the important Russian post reflects credit not only upon Massachusetts, which he has served with so much ability and spirit, both in peace and in war, but upon the Administration of President Taft.

For, besides his long experience in politics, which has brought him into close touch with the people of this and other lands, he has in his favor high attainments, as a scholar and as a business man. His views on large public questions are those of an experienced observer, and, on the other hand, his command of languages and his wide knowledge of purely intellectual affairs at home and abroad lend him that breadth of interest which must be indispensable to the successful diplomat. He has been an ardent admirer of Russia. Likewise he has been a worthy representative of the United States on special diplomatic missions.

The list of Americans who have served their country for a brief period at the Russian court is headed by the name of a Massachusetts man, Francis Dana, commissioned by Congress in 1781. John Quincy Adams was appointed to the post by President Madison in 1809. The first Massachusetts man to serve as ambassador at St. Petersburg was the Hon. George von L. Meyer, the present Secretary of the Navy. The reputation of the old Bay State and of the country at large will be strongly sustained, we feel sure, by General Guild.

WAR OVER THE CHAMPAGNE LABEL.

When one with airy grace orders "wine," or "a bottle," he means the wine of Champagne, and pays for it at the rate of from four to six dollars a quart or thereabouts. It should interest him now to have it proved that the morning head may not have been born in the district. Where it comes from may or may not be a mystery; frequently it does not come from Champagne.

The cause of the riots in which much sparkling liquor has been used to flood the streets of Epernay, in which presses and storerooms have been burned, in which barricades have been made, and blood shed while women prostrated themselves before the horses of the troopers, is the determination of the champagne growers to protect their product from imitation.

Champagne, be it known, is a very small plain about one hundred miles from Paris. Its soil and geological formation are distinctive and peculiar. There is virtue in its water, in its rains and sunshine, in the particular natural chemistry which flavors its vintage. Wine grown in this district is "champagne," all other wine, however seductive, is but a fizzy imitation. Having won from the government a law delimiting the district in which wine may be labeled "champagne," the growers complain that it has not been enforced by the authorities and that millions of gallons have been shipped into the district and passed off as the genuine article, at the same time to the financial cost and dishonorable reputation of the true wine of this favored country.

Efforts at reform proving unavailing, these growers are now taking strenuous measures in the destruction of the false wines, and the trouble is so serious and so long continued that it appears probable that there will be a real effort to make the champagne label tell the truth.

Offered Ten Thousand For One Day Husband

NEW YORK, April 15.—Prevented from marrying to escape deportation through the activity of Ellis Island officials, a French woman named Annie Gold, with \$50,000 in cash and jewels worth \$50,000, was deported today on the Pretoria after a residence in this country of ten years. She was arrested in Portland, Ore., for keeping a disorderly house.

Mme. Gold offered \$10,000 to any man "who would marry her for a day," and thus enable her to thwart the immigration authorities. Several men tried to get in communication with the woman to accept her offer, but she was kept closely guarded until the Pretoria sailed.

Ballade of Poor Tourist.

At home or in far-away climes,
 Wherever the tourist may stray,
 He must look to his quarters and dimes
 To keep them from melting away.

One hates to appear like a day,
 So into his pocket he dips;
 Such scorn do the servants display
 For the fellow who never gives tips.

The magnate, the maker of rhymes,
 The "poor devil author," and they
 Whose money bags jingle like chimes,
 Are marked as legitimate prey.

Have little or much as you may,
 The food and drink passing your lips
 Claim tribute! The outlook is gray
 For the fellow who never gives tips.

We need a reformer at times,
 A man of true courage, to stay
 Society's follies and crimes,
 And keep us from getting too gay.

One needs to be brave to say "Nay!"
 To the porter who handles his grays.
 So there, really is something to say
 For the fellow who never gives tips.

ENVOY.

We pikers! We grumble, but pay,
 Like lords, for our holiday trips.
 But come, let us twine a bouquet
 For the fellow who never gives tips.

—Tom Daly, in the Catholic Standard and Times.

How a Woman Beat Roosevelt at His Own Game—Politics; She Doesn't Know Politics, and Refuses to Tell of Her Victory

Made House to House Campaign Pleading for Votes.

URGED EVERYONE TO HEAR MR. LITTLETON

She's "Peggy O'Brien," Who Wrote "The Mountaineer," Husband's Biography.

By SELENE ARMSTRONG.

She defeated Colonel Roosevelt's candidate for Congress in the colonel's own district—but, mum's the word!

With an artless smile, and two blue-gray eyes as innocent and appealing as any that ever made a member of the G. O. P. forget his political faith, she turned Long Island Democratic-only, don't tell her that I told you.

Armed with a modest volume entitled "The Mountaineer," written by one "Peggy O'Brien," and with a dozen or more lithographs of her husband she suavely and persuasively flitted into Bohemia, Islip, East Islip, Babylon, Bay Shore, and other Long Island villages, delivering her campaign thunder in a golden voice at the corner grocery, the village school, or more often, by the hearthstone of the humble voter. Yet no inquisitive feminine creature will learn from Mrs. Martin W. Littleton how it feels to be the heroine of the most picturesque campaign that ever made a man the servant of the people.

For she simply will not talk. Like a pensive and naughty little child, the wife of Representative Littleton of New York, who braved the thick of the political fray for the sake of her husband's election to Congress, and made a house-to-house canvass in the heart of a Republican district for votes for her Democratic candidate, put her finger to her lips, and said:

"Hush-sh-sh!" when I asked her for an interview today, at the Shoreham hotel.

"Peggy O'Brien," Author of "The Mountaineer."

"But you are Mrs. Martin Littleton?" I insisted.

No other woman could have resisted the temptation to tilt her chin and say, "I know it," yet Mrs. Littleton showed her determined character by maintaining a stern silence.

"And you are also 'Peggy O'Brien,'" I challenged, "author of 'The Mountaineer,' a political pamphlet without a word of politics in it."

But the pride of authorship did not allow her to speak. She simply raised her honest eyes, sparkling with merriment, and shook her head at me reprovingly.

"This is a one-sided interview," I told her, severely, "but I am going to expose you just the same. You see, I know your story."

And if "Peggy O'Brien," whose real name is Mrs. Martin Littleton, infuses into her life here in Washington a fraction of the originality which characterized the whirlwind campaign she made in behalf of her husband's candidacy for Congress, she is a woman who will find in her rare and charming acquisition. She is the woman who set Long Island ablaze with her eyes to see what was really happening, when its citizens awoke to the realization that the complexion of the Republican ballot boxes was about to change for the first time in 100 years.

Her Story of Husband's Up-Growth.

What were her methods? She had none—that is, none that savored of politics. But when her husband announced



MRS. MARTIN W. LITTLETON, Who Changed Political Complexion of Long Island District and Sent Her Husband to Congress.

his candidacy for Congress in the First district against Representative William A. Cocks, whose candidacy had Roosevelt's endorsement, Mrs. Littleton took her pen in hand, puckered her lovely brow, and wrote "The Mountaineer."

This story, signed "Peggy O'Brien," has nothing to do with politics, mind you. It is merely a sketch of the life of Martin W. Littleton—how he began as a mountaineer, was denied the privileges of early schooling, and struggled up through poverty and hardship.

As soon as the printer delivered the booklet, neatly bound in eighteen pages, to its author, "Peggy O'Brien," tucked a few copies under her arm, put on her most bewitching hat, and took to the open road.

Any day she could be seen traversing the Long Island highways in her automobile. If she met you, she would halt her automobile, modestly proffer you a copy of "The Mountaineer," without explaining why she was particularly interested in Mr. Littleton's race. But that candidate took delight in revealing the identity of the young campaigner.

Martin W. Littleton always tried to look modest, but never could, when he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, 'Peggy O'Brien,' my wife."

It worked. Colonel Roosevelt shook hands with her.

posters to the passengers. The conductor received his share of campaign literature graciously and was about to shove the material for the train to start.

Woman Campaigner Who Held Up a Train.

"Oh, please, sir," cried Peggy, with her most entrancing smile, "you really mustn't start until I give the engineer and fireman one of my books. I understand nearly all the railroad men are for Mr. Littleton for Congress, and you can see it would be very unfortunate for me to miss any of them."

And the train was held until the engineer and fireman gave in exchange for a little book the promise to support the Democratic candidate for Congress.

"I am Peggy O'Brien," Mrs. Littleton would always say, as she handed out a copy of "The Mountaineer," without explaining why she was particularly interested in Mr. Littleton's race. But that candidate took delight in revealing the identity of the young campaigner.

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Train Held Up for Her to Distribute Her Pamphlet.

PARTICIPATED IN RED-FIRE PARADE

Girlish Woman, Who Wears Nice Gowns, and Out-Campaigned the Great Theodore.

his head gravely, and wore a grievous expression when he heard Southamptonian Republicans had written Peggy O'Brien a letter telling her that if she had subscribed a fund to erect a banner to her husband, or, upon learning that Garden City "regulars" had gotten together and endorsed the Democratic candidate for Congress.

Carried Her Campaign Into Republican Homes.

On her daily automobile trips, Peggy O'Brien did not confine her efforts to posting a lithograph of her husband, with his speaking dates, in the village grocery and drug stores, or distributing "The Mountaineer" among a few voters. She knocked at the door of the Republican homes of the village, and paid a visit to mother and the girls. And I have heard it said that if it were a particularly humbled home, this artful and delicious Peggy O'Brien would turn to page 17 of "The Mountaineer" and read aloud to her spell-bound audience the description of her husband and herself shortly after their marriage:

"They started to New York city. In their trunks were some letters of introduction, a feather bed, some home-made jam, and a few clothes. In his pocket was a few hundred dollars—borrowed—and with him was Peggy, with whom he hoped to find unknown joys in this mixture of peril and adventure. They settled in a little flat on Washington Heights. Work could not be found, but he did not lose courage or hope. Blessed hope! Shame on the man who destroys it in the human heart."

Knows Little About Politics.

Now, Peggy O'Brien couldn't have talked politics if she had tried, for she's nothing but a girlish creature after all, and I'll wager that the effect of her new dinner gown is dearer to her heart than the destiny of nations. But what did she want with politics, anyhow? When she looked at a woman in her adorably amiable way, and said:

"Please, will you get your husband to vote for my husband?" why, the thing was done.

At Patchogue, where Mr. Littleton was bidden to speak one evening, Mrs. Littleton participated in a torchlight procession that was held in honor of the occasion. During the meeting held two hours later, she occupied a box, but a few minutes later she was seen in the crowd taking a dress suit case filled with the writings of "Peggy O'Brien," and standing at the door of the theater, distributed literature to the outgoing audience.

Representative and Mrs. Littleton, with their two little sons, Martin and Douglas, will take a house here early next season. At present they are living at the Shoreham Hotel, and Mrs. Littleton is already taking an active part in social life. She is exceedingly youthful, as pretty as a picture, and wears some very smart gowns.

"My wife," "Peggy O'Brien" did it," says Martin Littleton, Democratic Representative from the First district of New York.

And though you wouldn't tell me anything about it, you plucky little "Peggy O'Brien," you are a perfect dear!

It worked. Colonel Roosevelt shook hands with her.

Young Society Couple Runs Away and Weds

ASHEVILLE, N. C., April 15.—The secret marriage of seventeen-year-old members of the social colony, Noyah and Dawley, of Charles Town, W. Va., and Lillian Huntington, of Elmira, Ohio, became known today, after the young couple left for the bride's home.

The bride is the granddaughter of William R. Huntington, the New York millionaire killed, it was charged, by Attorney Patrick.

Judge Denies Poker Is "Great American Game"

LOS ANGELES, April 15.—Judge McCormick, of the supreme court, refused to permit poker to be called "The great American game" in his court, declaring that America is too great to have the paternity of a gambling game ascribed to it.

What's on the Program in Washington Today.

(The Times will be pleased to announce meetings and entertainments in this column. Phone or write announcements to the Times.)

Meeting of Patriarchs' Military, Canton Washington, No. 1, I. O. O. F. drill and social session.

Day's armory, G street, between Ninth and Tenth streets northwest, tonight.

Inter-city debate between the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. and the Washington Y. M. C. A., association building in G street, tonight.

Meeting of the Biological Society of Washington, Cosmos Club, H street and Lafayette square, 8 p. m.; concert meeting, 7:30 p. m.

Concert by the United States Marine Band, Potomac Park, 8 p. m.

Illustrated lecture by Adam Dixon Warlick, of California, "See America First," University Club, 930 Sixteenth street northwest, 9 p. m.

Public meeting of dialect stories at Memorial Hall by Miss Nannie Barbee, of Kentucky.

Amusements.

National—Zelda Sears in "The Nest Egg," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Belasco—French Opera Company, in "Carmen," 2:15 p. m.; "Lucia," 8:30 p. m.

Columbia—Lyman H. Howe's motion picture, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Cassidy—The Ames Stone and polite vaudeville, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Academy—"Paid in Full," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Gaiety—"The College Girl," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Lyceum—"Jardin de Paris," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Majestic—"Sherlock Holmes," afternoon and evening.

Casino—Continuous vaudeville, 12:45 to 11 p. m.

Cosmos—Continuous vaudeville, 1 to 11 p. m.

Arcade—Motion pictures, bowling, and skating.

The Story of Tonight's Opera

"LAKME"

THE scene of